

A Fawcett Publication

HOPALONG CASSIDY

MARCH
10
NO. 5



IN THIS ISSUE:
**DEATH
IN THE SADDLE!**

be the first in your town to wear this sensational **COROZO NUT RING**

said to bring **GOOD LUCK** to the wearer



NO. 1



NO. 2



NO. 3



NO. 4



NO. 5



NO. 6



NO. 7



NO. 8



NO. 9



NO. 10

CHOICE OF ANY
RING, LADIES' & GENTS'
BOYS' & GIRLS' STYLES
Get Acquainted Offer!

Special at **50¢** Each Post-paid

The rings are hand carved and hand polished to a beautiful ebony black, then set with simulated pearl. Order one of these fascinating rings today. Your choice of any ring **ONLY 50c** postpaid. (Order by Numbers.) Sorry—no C. O. D. orders at this special price.

SEND 50c CASH, STAMPS or MONEY
ORDER with your name, address and ring size.

Beware of Substitutes: Our rings are guaranteed to be the genuine Corozo Nut Rings.

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30 Church Street, Dept. C251, New York 7, N. Y.

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HERE is the latest craze in "good luck" jewelry—the Corozo Nut Ring—hand carved from the nut of the Corozo Palm. These rings are highly prized by the natives of Puerto Rico because of the legend that **GOOD LUCK ALWAYS FOLLOWS THE WEARER.**

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HAREM CO. (The House of Rings)

30 Church Street, Dept. C-251, New York 7, N. Y.

Send me for 10 days trial the ring I have checked below, for which I am enclosing 50c.

If at the end of 10 days I wish to return the ring, you are to refund my money at once.

STYLE No.

☐ 1 ☐ 2 ☐ 3 ☐ 4 ☐ 5 ☐ 6 ☐ 7 ☐ 8 ☐ 9 ☐ 10

(PLEASE PRINT)

(Select any ring you like)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

NOTE: Sorry no C. O. D. orders sent at this special low price. Be sure to enclose 50c per ring in Cash, Stamps or Money Order.

Guarantee!

wear ring 10 days, if not pleased return and get your money back.

HOPALONG CASSIDY

A Fawcett Publication

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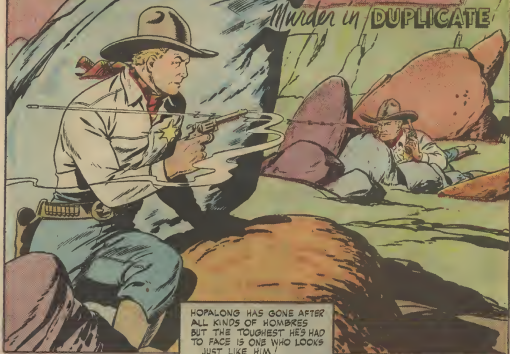
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HOPALONG CASSIDY

Murder in DUPLICATE



HOPALONG HAS GONE AFTER ALL KINDS OF HOMBRES BUT THE TOUGHEST HE'S HAD TO FACE IS ONE WHO LOOKS JUST LIKE HIM!

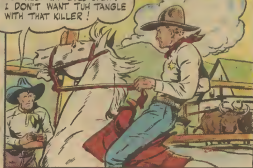
H'YA, HOPALONG! WHUT ARE YUH. DOIN' 'ROUND THESE PARTS?

I'M LOOKING FOR THE KILLER, BLACK JACK!



I JUST GOT WORD HE'S HEADING FOR THE BORDER! THAT MEANS HE MUST PASS THIS WAY! DID YOU SEE HIM?

NO! BUT I'M CERTAINLY GOIN' TUH KEEP MY EYES OPEN! I DON'T WANT TUH TANGLE WITH THAT KILLER!



HOPALONG CASSIDY

IF YOU DO SEE HIM
REPORT IT AT ONCE
TO MESQUITE!



SHORTLY AFTER, AS HOPALONG
SEARCHES THE HILLS ---



WHAT'S THAT?
WHOA, TOPPER!
THAT SOUNDS
LIKE A SHOT!

AND IT CAME FROM
BACK THERE NEAR
THE CLIFF!



LOOKS LIKE
SOMEBODY'S
BEEN SHOT!



IT'D BETTER SEE HOW
BADLY HURT HE IS!

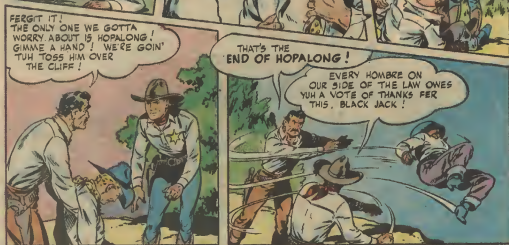
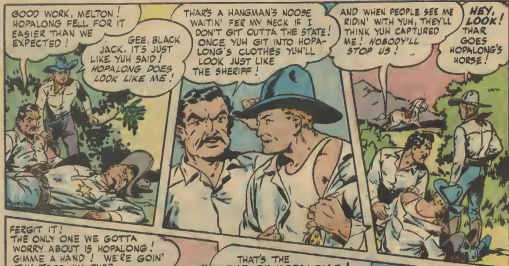


WHY, IT'S **BLACK JACK!**
BUT I DON'T SEE
ANY BULLET
WOUNDS!



THIS LOOKS LIKE A
TRICK --- UGH!





HOPALONG CASSIDY

BUT BEFORE BLACK JACK
PULLS THE TRIGGER---

IT'S THE END OF
THE TRAIL FER YUH,
BLACK JACK!

HOPALONG!
IT WAS SHORE
LUCKY FER ME,
YUH GOT HYAR!

GIVE ME THE KEYS,
MESQUITE! I'LL
LOCK HIM UP!

HYAR THEY ARE! WHEN I SAW
TOPPER COME BACK WITHOUT
YUH, I WAS PLUMB WORRIED!



I RAN INTO BLACK JACK IN
THE HILLS! WHEN THE
SHOOTIN' STARTED TOPPER
GOT SCART AND RAN AWAY!
LUCKY THING FER YUH I WAS
ABLE TO BORROW ANOTHER
HORSE!

I'LL HOLD ON TUH THE
CELL KEYS! HE'S A
DANGEROUS
CRITTER!

THAT NIGHT---

HI, HOPALONG!
WHUT BRINGS YUH
AROUND TUH THE
BANK AT THIS LATE
HOUR?



JUST THIS!

BANG!

AGH--

EVERYTHING'S
WORKIN' OUT JUST AS
BLACK JACK SAID! NOW
TUH TAKE THE KEYS AND
OPEN UP THE SAFE!



HOPALONG CASSIDY

BUT THE SHOTS ATTRACT MESQUITE --

THAT SHOT SOUNDED AS THOUGH
IT CAME FROM THE BANK!
WHY DOES ALL THE TROUBLE
HAVE TUH HAPPEN
WHEN HOPALONG
ISNT AROUND ?



MEANWHILE, INSIDE ---

I'VE EMPTIED THE SAFE!
NOW TUH GIT OUTTA
HYAR!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT --

GOSH, HOPALONG!
ARE YUH HYAR
ALREADY ?

HUH!
ER, ER --
YES! THE
VARMINT GOT
AWAY!

YUH STAY RIGHT HYAR,
MESQUITE, WHILE I
GO AFTER HIM!

WHILE THAT DUMB DEPUTY
WAITS INSIDE I'LL GO BACK TO
THE JAIL AND FREE BLACK JACK!



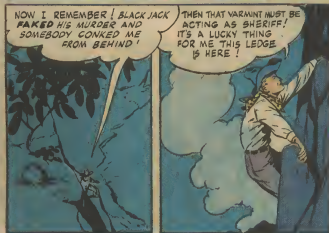
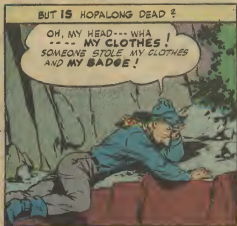
A FEW SECONDS LATER --

GOOD WORK, MELTON -- I
MEAN HOPALONG!

THAR WAS NUTHIN' DOIN' AT THE BANK
SO I CAME BACK! HEY!!
WHUT'S THE IDEA OF
FREEIN' BLACK JACK
AND WHAR DID THE
MONEY COME FROM?



HOPALONG CASSIDY



HOPALONG CASSIDY

MEANWHILE, IN TOWN --

IT'S A LUCKY
THING FER YUH
THAT BULLET
JUST GRAZED
YUH !

ARE YUH SHORE,
MESQUITE, THAT
HOPALONG DID THIS ?

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT
AND I SAW IT WITH
MY OWN EYES !

WAL, THE POSSE'S READY, MESQUITE !
WE'D BETTER FIND HIM AND
BLACK JACK BEFORE THEY
PULL ANY MORE STUNTS !
C'MON !



HEAD FER THE HILLS !



SHORTLY AFTER --

HI, MESQUITE !

THAR HE IS !



HEY !
WHAT'S THE
IDEA ?

NO USE PRETENDIN', HOPALONG !
MESQUITE TOLD US EVERYTHING !



HOPALONG CASSIDY

I KNOW YUH ROBBED THE BANK AND HELPED BLACK JACK ESCAPE FROM JAIL! IT BREAKS MY HEART, HOPALONG, BUT I GOTTA LOCK YUH UP!

HAVE YOU GONE LOCO, MESQUITE?

'TAIN'T NO USE, HOPALONG! FACTS IS FACTS!

SHORTLY AFTER--

THIS IS THE TOUGHEST THING I EVER DID! SNIFF-SNIFF!



DON'T YOU REALIZE, MESQUITE, THAT BLACK JACK IS PROBABLY GETTING ACROSS THE BORDER RIGHT NOW?

IF HE IS, IT'S ALL YORE FAULT!

I SEE IT'S NO USE TRYING TO EXPLAIN! MAYBE YOU CAN GIVE ME A DRINK OF WATER FOR OLD TIMES' SAKE!



EVEN IF YUH DID GO WRONG, YUH KIN STILL HAVE ANYTHING YUH WANT-- WITHIN REASON!

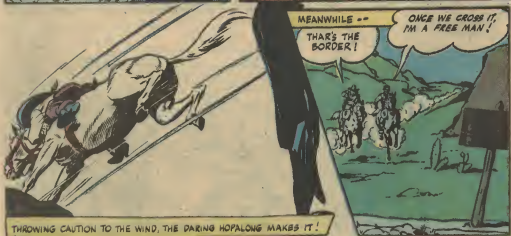
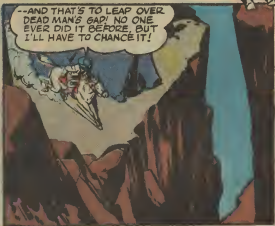
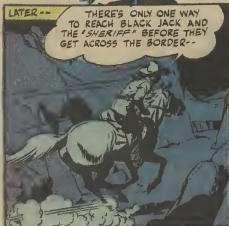
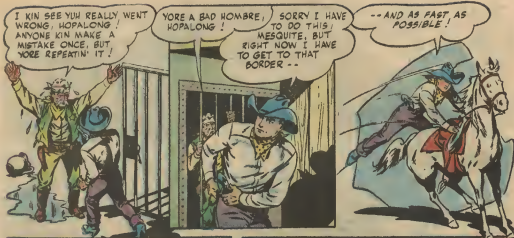
THIS IS ONLY BECAUSE I CAN'T REASON WITH YOU!

HUH!

I GOT YOUR GUN, MESQUITE! NOW YOU'RE GOING TO OPEN THIS CELL!



HOPALONG CASSIDY



HOPALONG CASSIDY

LOOK! THAT'S HOPALONG RIGHT BEHIND US!

QUICK! ANOTHER FEW STEPS AND WE'RE ACROSS THE BORDER!

ONCE THEY'RE ACROSS THAT BORDER THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO--

... SO I DON'T INTEND TO LET THEM GET ACROSS!



YUH CAN'T DO ANYTHING NOW, HOPALONG! WE'RE ACROSS THE BORDER!

YOU MEAN YOUR HORSES ARE --

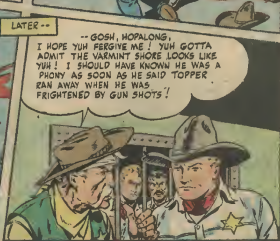
YOU'RE STILL WITHIN MY JURISDICTION!

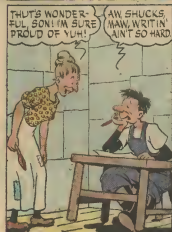
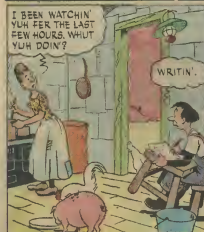
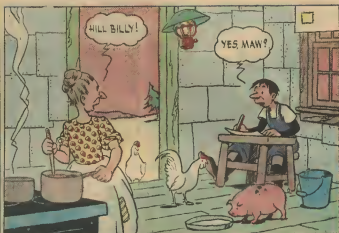


NOW THE TWO OF YOU ARE COMING BACK WITH ME! THERE ARE A FEW POINTS I WANT TO CLEAR UP ---- ESPECIALLY FOR MESQUITE!

LATER --

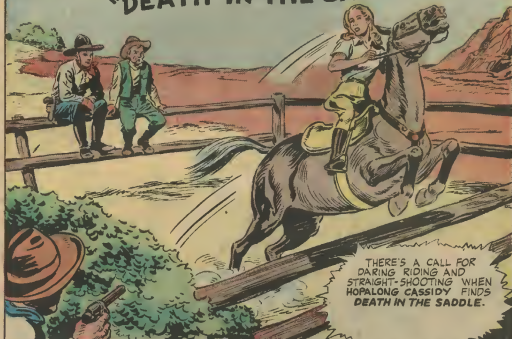
-- GOSH, HOPALONG, I HOPE YUH FERGIVE ME! YUH GOTTA ADMIT THE VARMINT SHORE LOOKS LIKE YUH! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN HE WAS A PHONY AS SOON AS HE SAID TOPPER RAN AWAY WHEN HE WAS FRIGHTENED BY GUN SHOTS!





HOPALONG CASSIDY

"DEATH IN THE SADDLE"



THERE'S A CALL FOR
DARING RIDING AND
STRAIGHT-SHOOTING WHEN
HOPALONG CASSIDY FINDS
DEATH IN THE SADDLE.

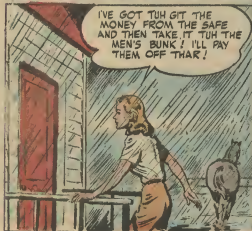
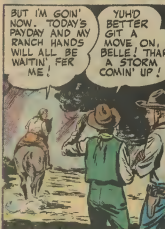
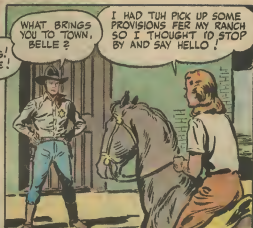
OUTSIDE THE
SHERIFF'S OFFICE

HOLD ON TUH YORE HAT,
HOPALONG! HYAR COMES
THAT WILD-RIDIN' BELLE
RIVERS GAL!

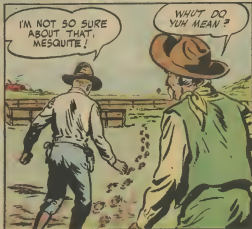


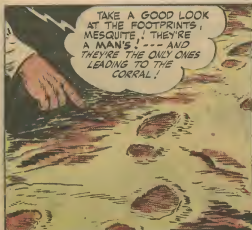
THAT GAL IS PLUMB LOCO! ONE OF
THESE DAYS SHE'S GOIN' TUH FALL
OFF THAT HORSE AND GIT
KILLED!











TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT THE FOOTPRINTS, MESQUITE! THEY'RE A MAN'S! --- AND THEY'RE THE ONLY ONES LEADING TO THE CORRAL!



IF BELLE RIVERS CAME TO THIS CORRAL LAST NIGHT HER FOOTPRINTS WOULD BE ON THE GROUND, TOO! THE ONLY WAY SHE COULD'VE GOTTEN ON THAT HORSE WAS BY BEING CARRIED THERE!



GOSH! YOU'RE RIGHT, HOPALONG, BUT HOW ARE WE GONNA FIND OUT WHO DID IT?

THERE'S THE HIRED HANDS! BUNK! WE'VE GOT TO LOOK FOR A PAIR OF BOOTS WITH MUD ON THEM!

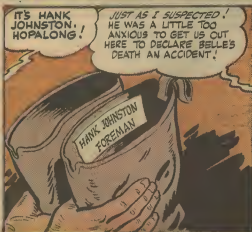


WE'RE IN LUCK! NOBODY'S HERE! LET'S START SEARCHING!



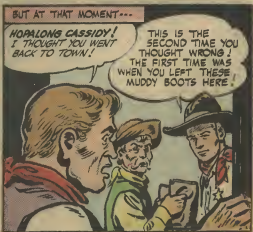
HYAR ARE THE BOOTS WITH THE MUD, HOPALONG!

GOOD! SEE IF THERE'S A NAME IN THEM!



IT'S HANK JOHNSTON, HOPALONG!

JUST AS I SUSPECTED! HE WAS A LITTLE TOO ANXIOUS TO GET US OUT HERE TO DECLARE BELLE'S DEATH AN ACCIDENT!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT... HOPALONG CASSIDY! I THOUGHT YOU WENT BACK TO TOWN!

THIS IS THE SECOND TIME YOU THOUGHT WRONG! THE FIRST TIME WAS WHEN YOU LEFT THESE MUDDY BOOTS HERE!

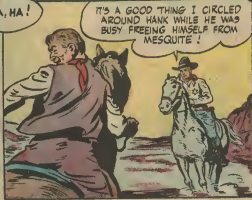
HOPALONG CASSIDY



AND AS MESQUITE TRIES TO PULL IN HIS
"PRISONER"----



BUT HOPALONG DOESN'T COUNT HIS PRISONERS
UNTIL THEY'RE CAUGHT!



AND HANK JOHNSTON CONFESSES--

---AND WHEN SHE CAUGHT
ME ROBBIN' THE SAFE,
I THOUGHT THE ONLY
WAY YUH SAVE MY SKIN
WAS TUH KILL HER!

YUH'LL SOON FIND
OUT THAT NOBODY
EVER SAVED HIS SKIN
BY MURDER! LEAD THE
WAY TO THE JAILHOUSE,
MESQUITE!



WHITEY WHISKERS AND DANIEL BOONE JR.

"ADDED TROUBLES"



WHUT'S THE TROUBLE
DANIEL BOONE JR.?
YUH LOOK TROUBLED!

I'M DOING MY ARITH-
METIC HOMEWORK,
AND IT'S HARD!



GIVE ME THOSE PROBLEMS
SON! NO ARITHMETIC IS
TOO HARD FOR WHITEY
WHISKERS!



WHY, I'M KNOWN AS THE
HUMAN ADDING MACHINE!
LET ME TELL YUH HOW I
SOLVED ONE OF THE
WORLD'S TOUGHEST
MATHEMATICAL PROBLEMS!

MY ONLY
PROBLEM
IS HOW TO
AVOID
LISTENING
TO YOU!

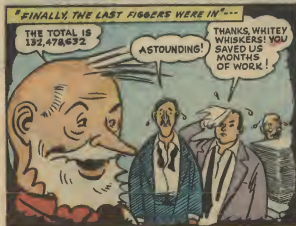


I RECEIVED A HURRY CALL TO
COME DOWN TO WASHINGTON...

WHUT KIN I
DO FER YUH,
MR. PRESIDENT?

WE HAVE THE POPULATION
OF EVERY CITY IN THE
UNITED STATES, WHITEY,
BUT THE COUNTING MACHINES
ARE BROKEN AND WE CAN'T
GET THE TOTAL FIGURE!





HOPALONG CASSIDY

-and the Mad Barber

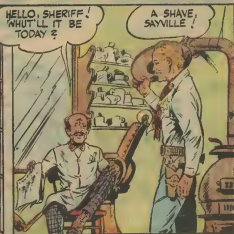


HOPALONG CASSIDY, SHERIFF OF TWIN RIVER, HAS HAD TO FACE MANY TOUGH HOMBRES, BUT WHEN HE COMES UP AGAINST THE MAD BARBER HE HAS A REAL CLOSE SHAVE!



SEE YOU BACK AT THE JAILHOUSE, MESQUITE. I'M GOING IN FOR A SHAVE NOW!

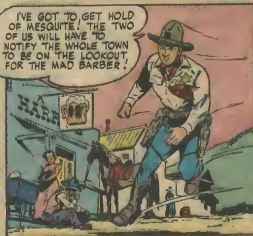
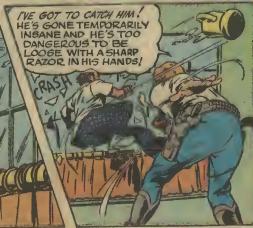
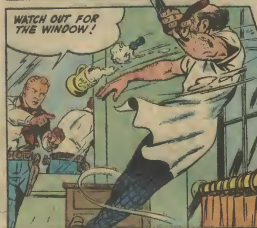
TWIN RIVER
BARBER
SHOP



HELLO, SHERIFF! WHAT'LL IT BE TODAY?

A SHAVE, SAYVILLE!





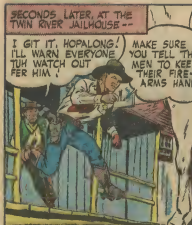
SECONDS LATER, AT THE
TWIN RIVER JAILHOUSE--

I GOT IT, HOPALONG!
I'LL WARN EVERYONE
TUH WATCH OUT
FER HIM!

MAKE SURE
YOU TELL THE
MEN TO KEEP
THEIR FIRE-
ARMS HANDY!

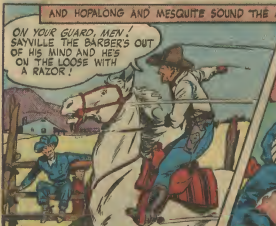
YOU COVER THE WEST SIDE
OF TWIN RIVER! I'LL COVER
THE OTHER SIDE! WE'LL
MEET BACK HERE
LATER!

I'VE STRADDLED MY SADDLE!
NOW LET'S HOP ALONG!



AND HOPALONG AND MESQUITE SOUND THE ALARM-----

ON YOUR GUARD, MEN!
SAYVILLE THE BARBER'S OUT
OF HIS MIND AND HE'S
ON THE LOOSE WITH
A RAZOR!



BANG

KEEP YORE SHOOTIN'
IRONS HANDY!
SAYVILLE THE BARBER
HAS GONE PLUM
LOCO!



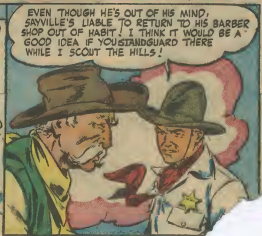
AND AFTER THEY WARN THE WHOLE TOWN---

I WARNED EVERYONE JUST AS
YUH SAID, HOPALONG, BUT I
DIDN'T SEE HIDE NOR HAIR
OF SAYVILLE!

NEITHER DID I,
MESQUITE!



EVEN THOUGH HE'S OUT OF HIS MIND,
SAYVILLE'S LIABLE TO RETURN TO HIS BARBER
SHOP OUT OF HABIT! I THINK IT WOULD BE A
GOOD IDEA IF YOUSANDGUARD THERE
WHILE I SCOUT THE HILLS!





WAL, SO FAR THE
BARBER HASN'T
COME BACK! I'M
GITTIN' TIRED OF
STANDIN' HYAR!

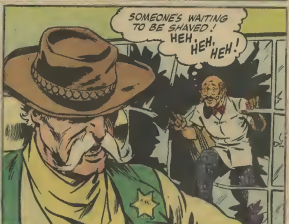
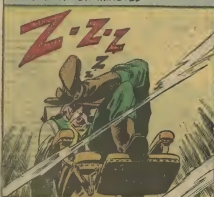


IF I'M GONNA STAY HYAR,
I MIGHT AS WELL BE
COMFORTABLE! I'LL GO
INSIDE AND SIT DOWN!



AH! THIS
IS MORE
LIKE IT!

BUT THE CHAIR IS TOO COMFORTABLE!
AND IN A FEW MINUTES---

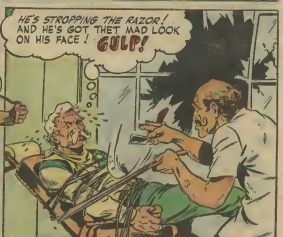


SOMEONE'S WAITING
TO BE SHAVED!
HEH, HEH, HEH!

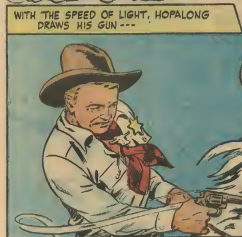


HEY...
WHAT THE---
IT'S SAYVILLE!

SIT STILL!
I HAVE TO
FINISH TYING
YOU!



HE'S STOPPING THE RAZOR!
AND HE'S GOT THAT MAD LOOK
ON HIS FACE! **GULP!**





I'VE GOT TO
GET ANOTHER
RAZOR!

I THINK YOU'VE HELD
ENOUGH RAZORS
FOR TODAY!

WHAT YOU NEED
IS HOSPITAL
TREATMENT---

--- AND YOU'RE GOING TO GET IT
EVEN IF I HAVE TO KNOCK YOU OUT
TO GET YOU THERE!

SEVERAL DAYS LATER---

THE DOCTORS SAY
SAYVILLE'S ALL RIGHT!
HE SHOULD BE OUT AND
BACK AT THE BARBER
SHOP IN A FEW DAYS!

THAT'S FINE,
BUT IF IT'S
ALL THE SAME
TO YOU, HOP-
ALONG, FROM
NOW ON I'M GOIN'
TUM SHAVE MYSELF!



BE A Sharp SHOOTER--

AIM FOR THE GOAL!



SEE HOW MANY YOU CAN ANSWER CORRECTLY!
SCORE YOURSELF AS FOLLOWS:
5 CORRECT, EXCELLENT- 4 CORRECT,
GOOD- 3 CORRECT, FAIR- 2 CORRECT, POOR.

1. THE COLOR OF AN AMETHYST
IS PURPLE.

☐ True
☐ False



2. GUINEVERE WAS THE WIFE
OF KING ARTHUR.

☐ True
☐ False



COWS HAVE UPPER
FRONT TEETH.

☐ True
☐ False



4. A "SOUTHPAW" PITCHER IS A
BALL PLAYER FROM
DOWN SOUTH.

☐ True
☐ False



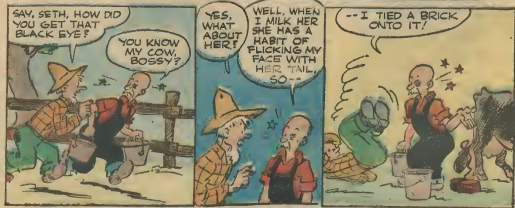
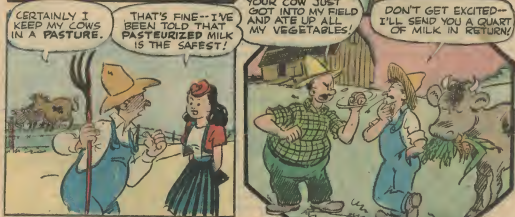
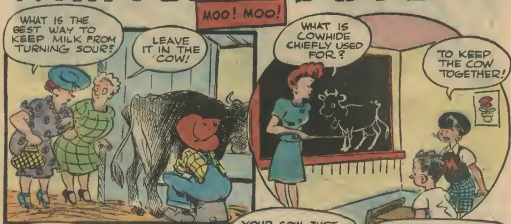
5. A MAGAZINE RIFLE
IS A PAPER RIFLE.

☐ True
☐ False



ANSWERS:
1. TRUE 2. TRUE
3. FALSE- THEY DON'T HAVE ANY-
4. FALSE- IT'S A LEFT-HANDED PITCHER-
5. FALSE- IT'S A REPEATING RIFLE-

WHIPPER-SNAPPERS



STRIKE

by

Dorothy Davis



CARL was alone, deep in the shaft, when his pick uncovered the vein. For a minute he stood amazed, the rich ore running between his fingers. He had known it! Somewhere in this shaft he felt there would be a rich vein like this! Working hastily, he scooped earth back into his diggings, stomped it down carefully, so Buck wouldn't notice. Thinking deeply he worked another section of the mine in a desultory fashion for a while, then walked back up the shaft and out into the glare of sunlight.

Buck was squatted in front of the tent, nursing the fire into life. He looked up as his partner approached, a friendly grin lighting his face. "How'd it go, Carl? Any luck?"

Carl shrugged. "Same old stuff. Say Buck, don't you think we'd better give this one up and start a new digging somewhere? We don't seem to be getting anywhere here." With an effort, he kept his voice low, discouraged, but his mind was secretly exulting with his knowledge.

"No, I don't reckon so," Buck said. "We've gone this far, might as well keep it up. I've a hunch we'll run into real pay dirt soon." He put a hand on Carl's shoulder. "Don't let it throw you, fellow. There're tough breaks in any life. We'll make it somehow." He turned back to the fire, commenced making coffee. Carl strolled off, thinking. If Buck wouldn't give up his share of the mine, there must be some way to force him. Of course,

they could share the bonanza, but Carl wasn't that kind of a man. If there was going to be a fortune, he wanted it—all of it.

Late afternoon came, he washed up, and pleading nervousness, told Buck he was heading into town. Buck didn't seem interested, so Carl got into the old flivver and let it idle, in low gear, down the treacherous, hair-pin curves of the hillside road. He had almost reached the bottom when he got an idea—the idea—that would solve all his problems! He stopped the car abruptly, looked long and thoughtfully at an enormous rock balanced dangerously above the road. It was a fairly common sight in this part of the desert. Rocks like that might come roaring down with any sudden rain. Or they might remain solidly for thousands of years. It was a matter of circumstances and erosion. Carl decided to do a little eroding on his own.

TAKING a shovel from the car he walked over and studied the great rock carefully. Apparently, it was held in place by a small, flat stone propped against it, like a brace holding up a rickety fence. Taking care to keep out of the rock's possible path, he dug tentatively around the little supporting stone, pausing every few minutes to scan the menacing boulder above him.

For hours he worked, stopping frequently, and was about to give up when he heard a dull crunching of

sand and earth under the tremendous weight of the boulder. He leaped back, and noticed the great mass slide a fraction of an inch toward the road, rock unsteadily a moment, and settle back. Relieved and satisfied, he walked around the back of the menace, scrambled down the hillside and sat in the car, smoking. Now, it would be a matter of time and opportunity.

When he returned to camp Buck was asleep, and Carl turned in quietly without waking his partner. He worked the next few days in a disinterested fashion, and several times noticed Buck looking at him oddly. They were working deep in the shaft, beyond where he had struck the vein. He tried to be as encouraging as he could, hoping Buck wouldn't get any bright ideas and start digging in the wrong place.

Almost a week after Carl had prepared his trap, Buck announced his intention of going to town for supplies. Cautiously, Carl offered to go along, but Buck said it wasn't necessary. As Buck clambered aboard the rickety car with his list of necessities, Carl drifted in an indifferent manner away from camp. As soon as he was out of sight he cut through the brush, and trotted down the mountainside, getting as good a start as possible. It wasn't really necessary because the condition of the hair-pin road made it impossible for the car to make better time than a man on foot, but Carl was impatient.

Long before he expected Buck to come creeping by, he was crouched in the shadow of the boulder, a strong rope knotted about the supporting rock, with the other end in his hand. He had figured the timing so that when the car rounded the bend and started on this short-straight stretch before the next turn he would jerk the rock free. The great mass of stone couldn't help smashing the car. Then he would clean up all traces of human activity around the scene and discover Buck's body later. He would grieve. He grinned loosely, thinking of the show of sorrow he would put on. Then, in a month or so, when things quieted down, he would uncover the rich vein!

SOMEWHERE on the road above he heard the flivver grinding slowly along in low. He tensed, pulled the rough rope tighter. Careful, he thought, don't get too anxious! He twisted several turns about his wrist, to be sure there would be no slipping at the critical moment.

From the sound, he guessed the car was nearing the bend. It was the last bend, but Buck didn't know it! Carl felt an excited joy. In a few minutes, the mine would be his. His alone. He heard the squeal of brakes as the car rounded the turn, saw the battered, dusty fender swing into view.

Now! Digging in his heels he pulled on the rope, every muscle straining. Now! He pulled harder, felt the small bracing rock give. With a final, desperate heave he jerked the rock out from under, heard the deadly crunch of sand and earth growing in volume. He surged again on the heavy rope and heard the sound increase to a threatening roar. Almost drowned out by the roaring, he heard a dull report, a hissing, as of a million snakes.

Vaguely, Carl thought he must have burst a vessel in his ear-drum from the strain. But he didn't have time for much thought.

The little rock crumbled under the tons of weight; the remains started twisting, boring into the hard earth, forced by the unbelievable weight of the great boulder. Twisting! The rope wound on the fragments like a line on a windlass, wrenched savagely at Carl's arm. He tried frantically to release the line, but the sudden pull had embedded it into his flesh.

The irresistible tugging pulled Carl to his feet. He tried again, swearing under his breath, to fight his hand free—but too late! The last twist of the supporting rock jerked him off balance, and he reeled directly into the path of the tons of tottering destruction. Carl screamed wildly, but the sound was muffled under the crunching avalanche. His last memory was of raising futile arms over his head, as the Gibraltar of doom hurtled downward.

BUCK, driving from camp, had wondered about Carl's actions. These young fellows got discouraged so easily! Shrugging, he got in the car, started out on the tricky, twisting road down the hill, letting the machine idle safely along in low, one alert foot on the brake. He was almost down, rounding a turn, when he heard his right front tire blow out. With a shrill whistle, the tire flattened, and Buck slammed the car into neutral, angrily jerking on the emergency. He was climbing out when he heard the crackling, crunching noise, deepening into a thunderous roar. He looked up just in time to see a tremendous mass of stone hurtle down the hill, land squarely on the road and glance off, crashing and

roaring harmlessly down into the valley. Buck muttered a prayer of thanks, grateful now to the providence which had blown out his tire. Phlegmatically, he replaced the flat with his spare and clattered on into town.

SEVEN weeks later Buck brought the samples to the government assay office, waited impatiently while the man tested them. When the report confirmed his beliefs, he let out a wild whoop and slapped the clerk on the back.

"I knew there was a fortune somewhere in that mine!" he babbled. "I knew it! Too bad old Carl..." he thought dampened his joy.

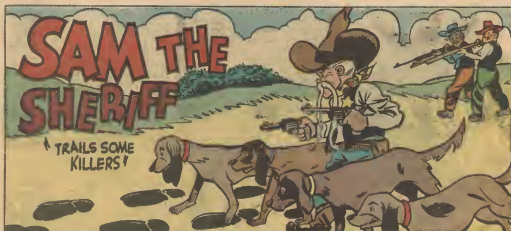
The clerk regarded him with sympathy. "That was tough—about Carl," he said. "A pretty tough deal."

Buck nodded silently. "He was getting so discouraged, too. Thought the mine was a bust." Buck continued, "If only he could have lived to see this!" The clerk shared his sympathies.

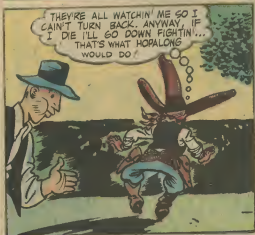
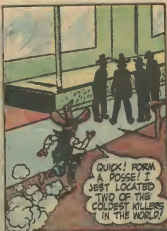
"As soon as this can be worked out," Buck shook a handful of the rich ore, "I'm going to spend the first batch of dough and make a monument to Carl, right here in town." His eyes moistened. "A man who really stuck to his buddy. He gave his life, trying to save mine. Imagine the courage he had in trying to lasso a fifty-ton boulder to keep it from falling on the road!" The clerk nodded again, patted Buck on the shoulder.

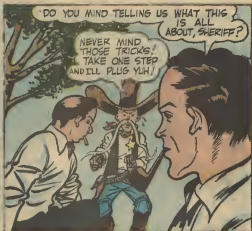
Buck started from the office and was almost out of the door before a thought occurred to him. "Say," he asked the clerk, "A funny thing about this strike. It looked as if someone had dug there before, sometime. Do you have any records of old indian diggings around here?"

The man didn't, and Buck thanked him and walked out.



HOPALONG CASSIDY





HOPALONG CASSIDY

GHOST CITY

GHOSTS ARE FIGMENTS OF THE IMAGINATION, BUT BULLETS AREN'T ---- AND THAT'S WHAT HOPALONG RUNS INTO WHEN HE VISITS GHOST CITY.



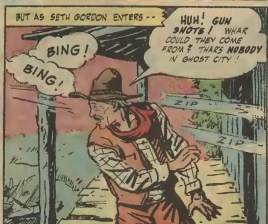
GIDDAP, BOY!
WE GOTTA CROSS
GHOST CITY TUH GUT
HOME BUT I DON'T
LIKE TUH SPEND
MORE TIME HERE
THAN I HEV TUH!

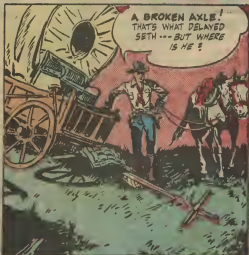
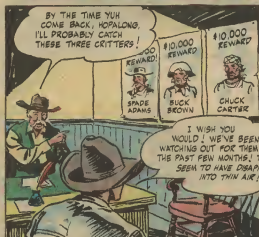


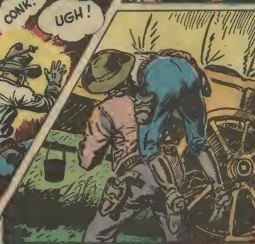
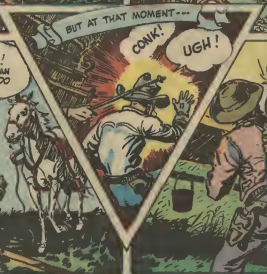
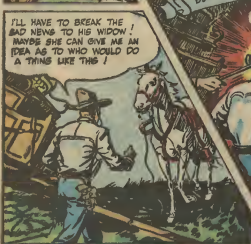
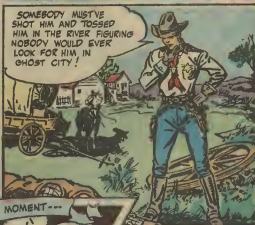
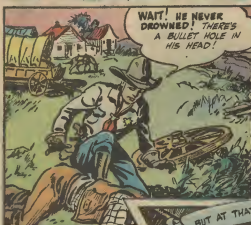
THAR AIN'T BEEN A SOUL
LIVIN' HYAR SINCE THE WHOLE
TOWN WAS WIPED OUT IN A CHOLERA
EPIDEMIC TEN YEARS AGO BUT
I STILL GOT THE CREEPS
WHEN I RIDE THROUGH
HYAR!



HOPALONG CASSIDY







HOPALONG CASSIDY

WHEN HOPALONG COMES TO ---

KETCHIN' HOPALONG WAS SURE A SWELL BREAK, WITH HIM OUT OF THE WAY MAYBE WE WONT HAVE TUH HIDE OUT IN THIS GHOST CITY MUCH LONGER!

ADAMS, BROWN AND CARTER! NO WONDER WE COULDN'T FIND THEM. THEY'VE BEEN HIDING OUT IN GHOST CITY. IF IT WEREN'T FOR SETH I NEVER WOULD'VE STUMBLED ON THEM--

WHUT SAY, FELLERS, WE PULL STRAWS TUH SEE WHICH ONE OF OUR GANG GITS THE PRIVILEGE OF SHOOTIN' THE ORNERIEST SHERIFF IN THE WEST? THE ONE WITH THE SHORT STRAW WINS!

NOT THAT ITS GOING TO DO ME MUCH GOOD!

CARTER, YUH GOT THE SHORT STRAW! LOOKS LIKE IT'S YORE HONOR!

IT'LL BE A PLEASURE!

WE'LL SHOOT HIM IN THE MORNIN'! WE'LL LET HIM THINK ABOUT IT DURING THE NIGHT! THAT'S BETTER THAN KILLIN' HIM QUICKLY!

HYAR, HIDE THIS GOLD WITH THE REST!

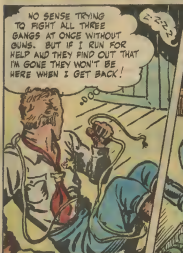
O.K., BOSS!

LET'S TURN IN! I'M TIRED!

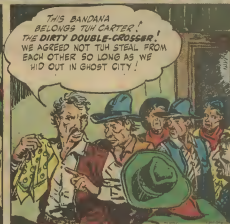
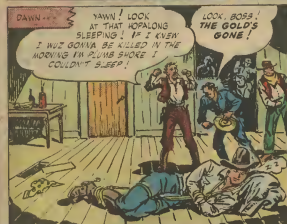
WHAT ABOUT HOPALONG? WHO'LL WATCH HIM?

WE'VE GOT HIS GUNS, BESIDES HE'S SO WELL-TIED THE ONLY TIME HE'LL DO ANY MOVIN' IS WHEN WE MOVE HIM OUT TO THE CEMETERY TOMORROW! HA, HA!

HOPALONG CASSIDY

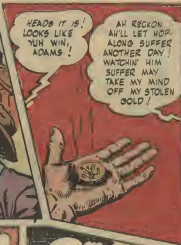


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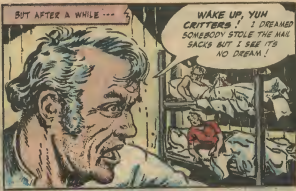
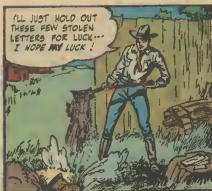


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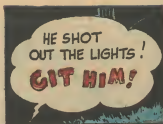




HOPALONG CASSIDY







STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION, REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1923, OF HOPALONG CASSIDY, published monthly at Greenwich, Conn., for October 1, 1946.

State of Connecticut) ss.
County of Fairfield)

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Gordon Fawcett, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of HOPALONG CASSIDY, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1923, embodied in section 357, Postal Laws and regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Fawcett Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, Virginia Provistero, Corona, L. I., N. Y.; Managing Editor, Ralph Daigh, Pelham Manor, N. Y.; Business Manager, Gordon Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Fawcett Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.; W. H. Fawcett, Jr., Norwalk, Conn.; Marion Bagg, Tulsa, Okla.; Roger Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.; V. D. Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.; M. B. Fawcett, Norwalk, Conn.; R. A. Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.; Roscoe Kent Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.; M. F. Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.; W. H. Fawcett, Trust, Greenwich, Conn.; M. B. King, Oxnard, Cal.; Gloria Fawcett, Oxnard, Cal.; V. L. Buckley, Santa Barbara, Cal.; Mrs. Eva Roberts, Seattle, Wash.; Fawcett Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and

security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing a full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustee hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

GORDON FAWCETT,
Business Manager,

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 10th day of September, 1946.

(Seal) LILLIAN M. BUEHLEY,
Notary Public.

(My commission expires February 1, 1948.)

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Atom Bomb

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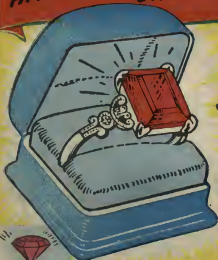
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DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. X-5
 211 W. 7th Street, Des Moines, Iowa

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JUNE
Alexandrite



JULY
Ruby



AUGUST
Peridot



SEPTEMBER
Sapphire



OCTOBER
Rubies



NOVEMBER
Golden Sapphire



DECEMBER
Zircon